

America

August 20, 1949

Vol. 81, Number 20

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUG 16 1949

A CATHOLIC DAILY: ADVANCE OR RETREAT?

Cooperation, not competition, is needed

JAMES O. SUPPLE

I LIKE HOUSEWORK

A veteran invades the feminine stronghold

GEORGE LINCOLN EMERSON

IRELAND'S "FAIR DEAL" IN EDUCATION

Catholic Ireland supports Protestant schools

CHARLES KEENAN

EDITORIAL VIEWS ON: *The Chinese White Paper . . . Good Neighbor awakening . . . Bishop Oxnam and religious liberty . . . Red excommunication—sequel to date*

15 CENTS A COPY \$6 A YEAR

CORRESPONDENCE

Pay outside the envelope

EDITOR: Congratulations to James J. Cavanaugh for his letter, "Jobs for graduates," in the July 9 issue of AMERICA. He has perfectly described the plight of the liberal-arts college graduate.

Having battled the cold, cold world for a year since my graduation, I can completely agree with him. It is often difficult to be objective in the whole matter, especially when one finds oneself working day after day for much less than a high-school grad who is doing some simple operation. Of course, the situation is more far-reaching than that, but a real philosophy plus a sensible attitude soon dispels any thoughts of starting at the top.

The liberal-arts graduate gets more out of life and everyday living, and this keener sense of perception helps him to reach the top. It is a constant process of studying and learning. College is just an introduction to learning.

Remember, graduates, you must sell yourself and your ability—not a college diploma—in the business world.

I am a regular reader of the best Catholic weekly published.

Los Angeles, Calif. BETTY VIRGINIA

A job plus a vocation

EDITOR: Regarding Leo Klauberg's timely article "The Catholic college can follow through" in AMERICA of June 4, may I suggest further that college graduates—or, better still, college freshmen—read James Keller's book, *You Can Change The World* (Am. 12/18/48). To many of us already in a "permanent niche," this book is a tremendous inspiration to carry our Christian ideals actively into the marketplace. How much more of an inspiration it could be to those young people just starting out, and still looking for a goal and purpose in life!

Canal Zone W. DEL. LYNDON

Center for Jewish conversions

EDITOR: In your issue of June 25 you mention the need for a center for "study . . . coordination of effort," etc., in regard to the apostolate to the Jews ("The Lord's homeless people"). May I bring to your attention the existence of the Catholic Center for Jews in Brooklyn, which is part of the Diocesan Apostolate. (Articles telling of the Center have appeared in the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* last fall, and the *American Ecclesiastical Review* of March, 1946.)

The Center holds a public forum on the second Sunday of each month, from October until May, at which a priest answers all questions, whether pertinent or not. The forum is opened and closed with pray-

ers, the chief one being "Jesus My God! Help me to lead Israel to Thee Who art the Way, the Truth and the Life." This prayer was formulated by the moderator and spiritual director of the Center, Monsignor A. R. Cioffi, pastor of St. Rosalia's Church, 65th Street and 13th Avenue, where the forums are held.

All connected with the Center say this prayer daily—the members of the Regency Council who more or less direct Center activities, including Mr. Frank Ward, president and co-chairman with Monsignor Cioffi at the forums; the members of St. Paul's Unit in Queens and St. Peter's Unit in Brooklyn. These two latter groups meet once a month in each other's homes. Several of the members make a practice of visiting a city hospital where they talk with the patients of all faiths, and explain the work of the Center to the well-disposed. Regency Council members receive Holy Communion once a month and say a weekly rosary for Jewish conversion.

We would be very glad to see among our audience at the forums some AMERICA readers, since it is our conviction that they are not only opposed to anti-semitism, but have a positive love for Christ's own race. While we sometimes become discouraged with the difficulties surrounding the conversion of the Jews (not only because of their resistance, but also because of the indifference of Catholics to this undertaking), we have Our Lord's word that our prayers cannot fail, since He said, "Wherever two or three are gathered together in My name, I will be there in the midst of them." (MISS) FRANCES WELDON

Brooklyn, N. Y. Secretary, C.C.F.J.

In the Good Old 'Nineties

EDITOR: I am afraid Mr. Lucey was nodding when he wrote in his Washington column (Am. 7/30/49) that John Danaher, had he so desired, could "have been the first Catholic to head the GOP organization" (i.e., to be chairman of the Republican National Committee).

That fine Catholic gentleman, Thomas H. Carter, was head of the GOP National Committee from 1892 to 1896. Carter is remembered well by St. Louis University.

LAURENCE J. KENNY, S.J.

St. Louis, Mo.

AMERICA receives many interesting letters which the Editors are unable to publish for lack of space. So that more of our readers may have an opportunity to express their views, we urge correspondents to make their letters as short as possible. Communications of 250 words or less are preferred.—THE EDITOR.

CONTENTS

America August 20, 1949

Current Comment 529

Washington Front....Charles Lucey 533

UnderscoringsC. K. 533

Editorials 534

Chinese White Paper

Good Neighbor awakening

Bishop Oxnam and religious liberty

Red excommunication—sequel to date

Articles

A Catholic daily: advance or retreat? 537

James O. Supple

I like housework 538

George Lincoln Emerson

Ireland's "fair deal" in education .. 540

Charles Keenan

Literature and Arts..... 542

On the boards in London

W. J. Igoe

A child's view (Poem)

Ethel Barnett de Vito

BooksReviewed by

The Mature Mind..... 544

Murel R. Vogel

The Pilgrimage of Western Man.. 544

Charles F. Donovan

From the Editor's shelf..... 545

The WordJoseph A. Breig 546

TheatreTheophilus Lewis 546

FilmsMoir Walsh 547

ParadeJohn A. Toomey 548

AMERICA. Published weekly by the America Press, 70 East 45th Street, New York 17, N. Y. August 20, 1949. Vol. LXXXI, No. 20. Whole No. 2101. Telephone MUrray Hill 3-0197. Cable Address: Cathreview. Domestic, yearly \$6; 15 cents a copy. Canada, \$7; 17 cents a copy. Foreign, \$7.50; 20 cents a copy. Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, under act of March 3, 1879. AMERICA. A Catholic Review of the week. Registered U.S. Patent Office.



Lessons from the MAP

When Senator Vandenberg opened his attack on the Administration's first version of the Military Assistance Program he could scarcely have foreseen the full consequences of his action. They reach far beyond the fact that we shall soon have a bill satisfactory to all but the Wherrys and the Byrds. Many persons can learn many lessons from those heated hearings on the Hill. The Administration, for instance, should learn once and for all the necessity of bi-partisanship, not only in the formation of foreign policy, but in the preparation of programs as intimately involved with foreign policy as MAP. In this case it could have spared itself the humiliation of having to withdraw its original bill, giving the President a blank check, and substituting another for it. The State Department could learn the dangers of not being perfectly frank in its dealings with Congress. Neither its official explanation of the measure nor Secretary Acheson's defense of it before the Committees was marked by the candor which Congress has a right to expect. The high level of statesmanship exhibited by most of the Congressmen during the hearings should convince the Department that they can be trusted with the facts, instead of being fobbed off with what Congressman Judd called "window-dressing." It was the insistence of the congressional inquisitors on facts which has done most to make MAP intelligible to the average American. The Departments of State and Defense should learn to trust not only Congress but each other. They showed little coordination during the hearings, with Secretary Acheson holding out for every cent of cash called for in the original proposals, and Secretary Johnson agreeing that half the amount could safely be voted in contract authorizations. We might remark, too, that the lessons from those hearings do not stop at the water's edge. Our Atlantic allies should be advised that the men who authorize U. S. appropriations insist that they make more serious efforts toward coordination of their military plans and that they actually implement their "mutual help and self-aid" commitments under the Atlantic Pact.

War frauds

As often happens in the daily press, the headline over the war-frauds story, which hit the front pages on August 5, was more sensational than the facts would seem to warrant. In a special report to Congress on August 4 U. S. Controller General Lindsay C. Warren stated that sundry government agencies had made excessive or fraudulent payments to war contractors amounting to more than \$11,500,000. Very little of this money, he revealed, has so far been recovered, and he doubted whether it ever would be recovered. He charged that the government agencies involved for the most part refused to assist him in righting the injustice. Since of all kinds of profiteering war profiteering is easily the most malodorous, we share Mr. Warren's indignation over the evidence of human cupidity he has uncovered. Nevertheless it should be pointed out that the Controller's report was based on a study of 9,195 contract settlements, involving 2,815 contractors and total payments

CURRENT COMMENT

of \$1.165 billion. We believe that it speaks well of the honesty of the industrialists and bureaucrats concerned that only about one-hundredth of this large sum was mishandled. Mr. Warren is right in blaming the improper or fraudulent payments on the Contract Settlement Act of 1944, which denied to the Controller General the right to audit war-contract settlements unless there was evidence of fraud. At the time, Mr. Warren opposed this restriction on his office, as did this Review, but the Congress was more impressed by the need to settle war contracts expeditiously than by the possibility of some improper payments. So was most of the press. The risk of some abuses was clearly foreseen and accepted. The sensational play which the papers gave Mr. Warren's report was therefore not merely exaggerated; it also had an element of sardonic humor. The joke is on the same people who are now deploring what they might have been able to prevent if they had sided with Mr. Warren back in 1944.

How Uncle Sam spends your taxes

One consolation for taxpayers is that Uncle Sam puts back into American pocketbooks most of the money he collects. In the fiscal year to mid-1950, according to *U. S. News* for August 12, this will amount to \$46 billion. It may surprise some readers to learn that \$20 billion of this total will go directly to business concerns, largely in the United States. Suppliers of material and equipment will get a little less than \$7 billion. Another \$2 billion will pay for land and structures—hospital construction, river and harbor development and other public works. Over \$5 billion in grants and subsidies to business will be used mostly for our purchases in carrying out the foreign-aid program. Costs of travel, communication and many other contractual services, including atomic development, call for another \$2 billion. Besides the \$20 billion for business, where does the other \$26 billion go? To individuals, in the form of wages and salaries (\$9.2 billion), welfare payments and grants (\$13.8 billion), and the rest in interest, loans, investments, subsidies and other outlays. This is not the whole story, by a long shot. State and local governments will pour another \$22 billion into the economy: \$8.3 to business and \$13.9 to individuals. The grand total of \$68.6 billion amounts to about a third of the national income. Even in 1940, however, when the total of government spending was only \$19.3 billion, it amounted to a

fourth of the national income. Much of today's spending is due, directly or indirectly, to the war and its aftermath. The plain fact is that government has assumed a decisive role in the American economy, with business depending on government spending to the tune of \$28.6 billion. This is not an altogether healthy condition, but under the circumstances of a quasi-war economy we can hardly avoid it.

Labor monopoly

For several weeks now a subcommittee of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee has been conducting hearings on labor monopoly. Precisely why the hearings are being held at this time is somewhat obscure, unless the purpose is to embarrass John L. Lewis and weaken the hand he is playing against the coal operators. That some such explanation may be true is indicated by the prominent place the committee has given to testimony on the three-day week which Mr. Lewis recently imposed on the coal industry. It is indicated also by the odd arrangement whereby the Senate Banking Committee, and not the Judiciary Committee or the Committee on Labor and Public Welfare, assumed jurisdiction over the hearings. And why did Senator A. Willis Robertson, who has close connections with the anti-labor Byrd machine in Virginia, take the initiative in the whole affair? Despite these strong political overtones, we hope that the investigation will produce good results. The question of labor monopoly is greatly misunderstood in the country. Nothing could be more conducive to public enlightenment than a properly conducted congressional investigation. Such an investigation would reveal, for instance, that Mr. Lewis' three-day week is an effort to deal with a real economic problem—the problem of over-production, price-cutting, bankruptcies, unemployment and all the other evils of a sick, anarchic industry. If it showed, as it would, that no one man should be permitted to exercise without restraint the power which Mr. Lewis enjoys, it would also emphasize the necessity for seeking some other solution. Such an investigation would confirm, too, Thurman Arnold's belief—reported to the Committee on July 26—that the law should permit unions to monopolize the labor supply, i.e., to control the jobs in an industry, but should limit the uses to which such monopoly-power may legitimately be put. Labor must not be allowed, for example, to use its monopoly-power to enforce price-fixing on an industry. From an investigation conducted along such lines, labor has much to gain, little to lose.

AMERICA—A Catholic Review of the Week—Edited and published by the following Jesuit Fathers of the United States:

Editor-in-Chief: ROBERT C. HARTNETT
Managing Editor: CHARLES KEENAN
Literary Editor: HAROLD C. GARDINER

Associate Editors: JOHN LAFARGE, BENJAMIN L. MASSE
EDWARD DUFF, EDWARD A. CONWAY

Contributing Editors: WILFRID PARSONS, ROBERT A. GRAHAM,
ALLAN P. FARRELL

Editorial Office: 329 W. 108TH STREET, NEW YORK 25, N. Y.

Business Office: 70 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
Business Manager and Treasurer: JOSEPH CARROLL
Circulation Manager: MR. HAROLD F. HALL

The field day is over

It may have been a mere coincidence that on the very day on which Attorney General Tom Clark accepted his nomination to the United States Supreme Court, Judge Medina told the communist leaders on trial in New York City: "Your field day is over." All fair-minded observers are agreed that Judge Medina has probably borne with more persecution and abuse from the communist lawyers and their defendants than has ever befallen any Federal judge in the history of our country. Long ago he could justifiably have put them all in jail. But the Judge and U. S. District Attorney John F. X. McGohey realize that if the communist leaders are convicted, they will certainly appeal their sentence to the Supreme Court. Until the death of Justice Frank Murphy, the majority of this Court showed a tender concern for the rights of Communists which to some observers appeared to border on a "suicide pact" for American democracy. With Clark's elevation to the high bench, the balance of power should veer towards a sounder interpretation of the rights of subversive elements in our midst. Whatever his reason, on the day that Clark said "yes" to his appointment, Judge Medina got really tough on the commie lawyers. No longer will they be permitted to jump up and down like a row of neurotics on a hot seat. Nor will they be allowed to counterattack everybody in the United States as being guilty of all sorts of force and violence against defenseless workers and their gentle communist guardians. The judge even offered to jail any witness who would not give names when properly questioned. District Attorney McGohey, however, preferred to let their refusal to answer stand as evidence that the Party is really an underhanded, un-American conspiracy. Now, only their "encysted minds" can keep the communist leaders from seeing that their field day is over.

Relax, Mr. Vogt

The brief hour of the gloomy Neo-Malthusians has been cut short by an elaborate scientific study, *Controlling Factors in Economic Progress*, issued under the name of Dr. Harold G. Moulton of Brookings Institution. Our population was increasing more rapidly than the means of subsistence, cried ornithologist William Vogt in his alarmist book, *The Road to Survival*. Resources were plundered, soil worn out, productivity lagging—and all to so great a degree that the only solution the prophets of doom would offer was birth control. Two "experts" with the Occupation Forces have recommended contraception to the people of Japan. Dr. Moulton, on the other hand, says that "given adherence to wise policies, the United States over the next century could support a population double that of today, on a plane of living some eight times as high as that now prevailing." As to world conditions, the 389-page Brookings study holds that "the resources of nature, globally viewed, could support a vast increase in world living standards." This would suppose, however, that the spirit of nationalism and distrust and the great disparity in technical, social, economic, cultural and political development were some-

how overcome. Food production could easily be tripled in the next century through the extension of food-producing areas, expansion of yields and elimination of waste in marketing and processing. An important condition in Dr. Moulton's rosy forecast is a broadening distribution of income, as well as monetary and fiscal stability. Such a scientific analysis, besides indicating that the Neo-Malthusian "hard facts" aren't facts justifying birth control, shows the vital need for effective cooperation between science, business enterprise, economics and government towards a common goal—the general welfare of all peoples, everywhere on earth.

Dangerous demagoguery

West German politicians of all parties seem to have decided that during the closing weeks of the recent parliamentary election campaign denunciation of the occupation authorities would be a sure-fire formula for attracting and arousing audiences. That may have seemed at the time to be a sound vote-getting device, but the politicians may live to regret their use of it. The Germans, understandably, want all remaining controls removed, and the Allies have promised that they will be as soon as it is considered safe. Demagogic attacks on the Allies by political leaders supposedly as responsible as Socialist Kurt Schumacher and Christian Democrat Konrad Adenauer will not hasten that day. On the contrary, their attacks have contributed more than any other factor to the recent upsurge of nationalism which has so alarmed our Military Government. The enthusiasm with which audiences greeted the most bitter attacks on the Allies has convinced many American officials that the new West German State will have to be rigidly controlled up to the last letter of the Occupation Statute. So the politicians may, in the long run, have defeated Germany's best interests. Before tempting the occupation authorities further, they should re-read that Statute. Besides specifically reserving to themselves such powers as control of military affairs, civil aviation, foreign affairs, foreign trade and exchange, the Allies declare in Article 3:

The occupation authorities, however, reserve the right, acting under instructions of their Governments, to resume, in whole or in part, the exercise of full authority if they consider that to do so is essential to security or to preserve democratic government in Germany, or in pursuance of the international obligations of their Governments.

Messrs. Schumacher and Adenauer might also reflect that the hateful Americans are bound by nothing but charity to permit the German federal republic to become a party to the "Convention for European Economic Recovery."

Push German democratization

Does the resurgence of German nationalism, on the eve of the establishment of what is supposed to be a democratic government, mean that the democratization program of our Military Government has failed? A major objective of our reorientation program was, to quote the directive on basic policy issued July 15, 1947: to develop representative and responsible self-government by arousing a sense of social responsibility

for matters of public concern and encouraging recognition that public officials are servants of the people.

Developments during the recent campaign—the apathy of the populace on the one hand, and the demagogic conduct of the politicians on the other—raise the question whether the Germans have achieved any sense of social responsibility. If they have not, we are challenged to help them further. A Germany controlled by a handful of power-mad politicians as unresponsive to the popular will as any dictator will be a threat to the peace of Europe and of the world. Our Military Government had an ambitious cultural-exchange program designed to teach Germans the operation of constitutional government based on the democratic ideal. Six divisions of OMGUS had just begun serious work on some of the eighty-five projects described in the February, 1949 report of the Reorientation Committee, when the whole program was disrupted by the change-over from military to civilian control on July 15. The new organizational table placed the key Educational and Cultural Relations Division under the Political Affairs Committee in a so-called sub-committee on Information and Cultural Affairs. It is reassuring to note that High Commissioner McCloy has rescued what has been and should remain a major operating unit and has placed education and cultural relations in the new Office of Public Affairs. He has disclaimed any desire to "decrease the level at which advisers on Finance and Education and Cultural Relations formerly operated." We hope this indicates a realization on Mr. McCloy's part of the crucial importance of the work of the 150 experts in education and cultural relations. And we hope that Ralph Nicholson, former newspaper publisher slated to become head of the Office of Public Affairs, will realize that the Germans need more than news of democracy; they need training in it.

Unity in Italian labor

Labor circles in Europe, and in the United States, are carefully watching the current effort to fuse all anti-communist Italian trade unions into a single federation. When the Christian Democrats last year withdrew from the communist-dominated General Italian Confederation of Labor (CGIL), they decided not to establish Christian labor unions, such as exist in France, Holland, Belgium and elsewhere. They decided to set up a neutral organization that would be open to all workers on a straight trade-union basis. If they hoped that by so doing they would persuade the Republicans and right-wing Socialists to join their Free Italian Confederation of Labor, they were disappointed. Though these groups eventually broke with the CGIL, they proceeded to organize a third independent labor movement, the Italian Workers Federation. Thus the opposition to communism among Italian workers was divided. Following a series of meetings between leaders of the two groups, a "committee of understanding" has now been appointed to prepare the way for fusion. Already there is agreement on three points: 1) the organization is to be strictly non-political; 2) officers will be chosen on the basis of trade-union activity and achievement, not on the basis of af-

filiation with the component groups; 3) a special committee of "magistrates" will supervise and enforce the ban on political activity. With politics out of the way, the only remaining obstacle is "ideology." How will the "committee of understanding" succeed in reconciling the social philosophy of the Catholic Church with the anticlerical and Marxist leanings of the Republicans and right-wing Socialists? That is what union leaders elsewhere will be watching to see.

No UN inquiry into forced labor

When the British Government broadcast to the world the text of the Soviet penal laws under which ten million Russians are slave laborers, it was a foregone conclusion that the revelation would have no practical results. About the only practical result even remotely possible was that Russia might be forced to agree to the proposal before the UN Economic and Social Council for the establishment of an eleven-man commission empowered to visit any member nation and hold hearings on forced labor any place in the world. But everyone, Britain included, knew that Russia would never admit such a commission within her own borders. The purpose behind the move, then, must have been a moral one. At that rate, we would have expected Britain to vote in favor of establishing the UN commission, even though any country would thus expose itself to the risk that some slave labor might be very embarrassingly discovered on its own doorstep. But when the vote was taken on August 5, only four nations ranged themselves with the United States in being willing to take that risk for the sake of upholding a principle. They were Turkey, Peru, Chile and Belgium. Britain, despite all her agitation against slave labor, said "no" to establishing the commission, on the ground that it would be no use unless it could enter all countries. The U. S. position was sounder. Declaring that this was the gravest moral issue that had ever come before the Council, U. S. delegate Leroy D. Stinebower said that the fact that the Council could not do all it wanted to do on the issue was no excuse for doing nothing. The establishment of the commission would have at least put the Soviets in the uncomfortable position of having formally to refuse investigation of Russian conditions. As it is, Britain's last-minute shyness gives the Russians a chance to level the accusation that some countries of the West, while accusing Russia of slave labor, are chary of being investigated on the same charge. That is a propaganda trump-card handed over for free to the Politburo.

Latest Soviet line on sex

According to *Soviet Education*, monthly journal of the USSR's Academy of Educational Sciences, sex is not a matter of free love, nor is marriage a passing fancy for fluttering scoundrels. Sex education must not be undertaken too early and must not be made a subject of general discussion in the classroom, as was formerly recommended by "progressive" Bolshevik educators. It is to be given in secret by the parents, who will have prepared themselves carefully for this important duty. Sex education must aim at explaining the nature of enduring love,

since marriage is a life-long union of two people for the purpose of rearing loyal Soviet subjects. Only in the Soviet Union can the romance of marriage be truly beautiful and unspoiled by bourgeois coarseness. Parents must educate their children by example—showing mutual respect and genuine love and affection for each other. Divorce is definitely frowned upon and has become very hard to get. All of which seems to prove that bitter experience has taught the Soviet rulers what many Americans have yet to learn: stable family life is essential to the continued well-being of a nation.

China's land under the Communists

The land is nine times out of ten a pawn in the game of communist tactics. "Land reform" is one of the fetching slogans designed to dupe the masses into believing that communism really has their interests at heart. Perhaps nowhere has the slogan been used more effectively and deceptively than in China. Now another gambit with the land is being launched by the Reds. A new land tax has been imposed by the Communist Government in Shanghai. It is *one hundred times* the rate set for 1949 by the Nationalist Government, and in many cases is retroactive on institutions that were formerly tax-free. Under it all foreign-owned mission property is taxable. This means, simply, that Catholic mission work in Shanghai will come to an end. Under outright confiscation of mission properties (practised widely where Communists exercise long-established control) and under this indirect confiscation through unsupportable taxation (which will quite certainly spread beyond Shanghai), the growth of Christianity in China is neatly and ruthlessly blocked.

Monsignor McCann, R.I.P.

The blazing heat of a pitiless August 9 did not prevent five bishops and a record attendance of other prelates, clergy and religious from joining with a great overflow congregation, black and white, at the funeral of the Right Rev. William R. McCann, pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in New York City's Harlem. They came to pay honor to a saintly priest, after the model of the great St. Charles himself. Their presence was also a tribute to an extraordinary work that Monsignor McCann, founder of the Negro Apostolate of the Archdiocese of New York, had accomplished, with the aid of zealous and devoted assistants, during the sixteen years of his pastorate. The simplest way to characterize his work would be to say that he had revealed the truth of the Catholic Church, by revealing its beauty, goodness and holiness to the people of Harlem. St. Charles parish is centrally located in the heart of a troubled and fearfully overcrowded but spiritually thirsting community. Church and rectory have never failed to offer them all that loving and priestly care could achieve in the way of solemn liturgy, pastoral ministration, preaching and unstinted charity. As a result of this simple but splendid apostolate, eight thousand converts were received into the Church, after long and careful instruction. The example of the St. Charles pastorate has encouraged many another priest and his flock to follow the same fruitful procedure.

WASHINGTON FRONT

If the Senate investigation into the five-per-centers—the human bird dogs who act as go-betweens in nailing government contracts for businessmen—does not slide off into just another Washington spectacle, it can be one of the healthiest inquiries this town has seen in a long time. Senator Hoey of North Carolina, the committee chairman, promises to minimize the circus stuff.

There is little question that influence and “knowing somebody” and “pipelines” and making with the martinis and canapés for a couple of hundred people have become an industry here. Washington bureaucracy has become such a massive thing it is no wonder that businessmen, who by every right should be able to go personally to government departments to make their legitimate representations, believe they have to hire someone “in the know” to get a contract. Some go-betweens do have helpful connections, but countless Washington wise guys with nothing to sell but “front” have lived comfortably off misguided principals back in Peoria.

The lavish cocktail party as the way to get things done in Washington became an institution during the war. Its cost came under the head of business expense which could be charged off in reckoning income tax. It was nearly always possible to corral a few Congressmen, an admiral or general or head of this or that department. There were thousands in government who could not be influenced in the least by such display, but there were others whose doors were almost certainly opened just a little wider to some people because of a warm camaraderie blossoming after the fourth Scotch-and-soda.

The business of lobbying for what you want in Washington, both in Congress and among government bureaus, is almost as old as the government itself. Much of it is legitimate and entirely within the right of petition. But Congress itself has recognized big-pressure lobbying as a growing danger and has moved in the last couple of years to get a full reporting system covering lobbyists, their connections and fees. Some Congressmen feel registration of lobbyists still does not go far enough, and there are now proposals before the Senate and House for inquiries to show where the law needs strengthening.

There's another type of “in-the-know” Washington representation that has burgeoned in recent years—the hiring of people who have been in government service long enough to know the ropes and who then go out as consultants at fat fees. The Federal Communications Commission and Civil Aeronautics Board are among agencies whose top officials have resigned to go into private practice before the bodies they have served.

Congressmen beaten for re-election also make handy lobbyists. There's something about Washington that makes even defeated Congressmen want to stay here, and many do it by grabbing a lobbying commission.

CHARLES LUCEY

UNDERSCORINGS

Almost three-fourths of the nation's public school systems have no program of religious instruction, according to a survey made by the National Education Association and reported by Religious News Service, August 5. Some five thousand questionnaires sent to school superintendents produced 2,639 replies. Of the 2,639 systems, 1,621 never had a religious education program, 310 had abandoned their programs, and 708 had some type of program now in operation. About half the systems which had abandoned their programs gave the McCollum decision as their reason. The survey estimated that of 5,000,000 pupils in the areas which had religious education classes, about 700,000—14 per cent—attended the classes. Large cities seemed to favor the classes more than small ones. Some form of released time was the usual technique for religious instruction.

► Private and parochial schools in the State of Pennsylvania have increased their enrollments from 10.3 per cent of the State's students in 1925 to 17.6 per cent in 1948. Records of the State Department of Public Instruction showed 1,523,267 pupils enrolled in the public schools last year, as against 1,804,230 in 1925. Denominational schools had 285,997 pupils in 1948 as against 1925's 187,886. Pupils in non-denominational private schools rose from 19,211 to 21,818. Catholics have the largest number of denominational schools, with Quakers second and Lutherans third.

► In his inaugural sermon as Chaplain of Columbia University, New York, Aug. 7, Rev. Dr. James A. Pike, former Rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., said:

In discussion of Federal aid to education, I worry about the general naïveté which assumes that the neutrality of public schools is not a dogma. Actually schools are teaching that this is all there is—a humanistic ethical-culture basis of life. . . . If you teach no religion, you teach a kind of religion, which is secularism.

► St. Louis University will receive \$625,000 in Federal aid for cancer research. This represents about one-sixth of a sum of \$3,500,000 appropriated by the Government for research in non-Federal institutions. It is the largest single grant ever received by the University for its cancer research program.

► The Rockefeller Foundation (New York) is making a grant of \$69,000 to the University of Notre Dame over the next three years to aid in the study of international relations. Plans call for formation of a Committee for the Study of International Relations to organize publications and direct research. Chief concern of the committee will be the interrelations of religion, democracy and international order. Dr. Waldemar Gurian, Professor of Politics at Notre Dame and editor of the *Review of Politics*, will head the committee. C.K.

Chinese White Paper

"Nothing that this country did or could have done within the reasonable limits of its capabilities could have changed that result [of the civil war]; nothing that was left undone by this country has contributed to it." With this sweeping statement Secretary Acheson transmitted the Chinese White Paper to President Truman. It implies a complete and unreserved approval of every aspect of United States foreign policy in regard to China during the last five years. In so disclaiming any responsibility for the catastrophe that has overtaken China, the White Paper provokes an obvious question. How much of the report is explanation of foreign policy and how much is alibi calculated to cover up State Department blunders?

The report itself leaves other questions unanswered. Why was the Wedemeyer report so long suppressed? Why were its major recommendations not acted upon? In 1947 Lieutenant General Wedemeyer recognized that the Communist Party in China served, not the interests of the Chinese people, but the interests of Soviet Russia. Apparently the State Department has only quite recently reached the same conclusion.

It would not have been helpful at the time, the White Paper states, to alienate Manchuria from the control of the Chinese Government by placing it under an international trusteeship to include Soviet Russia, as Lieutenant General Wedemeyer had recommended. Yet the year previous General Marshall tried hard to force a coalition between the Nationalist Government and the Communists. Our Government was determined to sponsor the inclusion of Communists in the Government of China, a move that would ultimately have led to the alienation of the entire country. The recent change of heart experienced by our Government in regard to the Communists in China, coupled with the Wedemeyer Report, should throw some light in retrospect on the breakdown of General Marshall's negotiations.

The Nationalist Government, we are now told, is corrupt—so persistently corrupt that it is unworthy of further American aid. Surely our experience with communism in Europe has taught us that the choice between a corrupt government and communism is the choice between two evils of which communism is the greater. Lieutenant General Wedemeyer admitted the corruption and even advised that drastic reforms were necessary. He also had this to say:

Even so, criticism of the results achieved by the National Government in its efforts for improvement should be tempered by a recognition of the handicaps imposed on China by eight years of war, the burden of her opposition to communism and her sacrifices for the Allied cause.

William C. Bullitt, appearing before the House Committee on Foreign Affairs with reference to General Chiang, stated: "He has around him in his Government today, in the most important positions, *men that General Marshall asked for*" ("Open Letter to General Marshall," AM., 1/15/49). If our mission to China picked the Government personally, the blame cannot be placed entirely at the door of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek.

EDITORIALS

Corruption seems to be an occupational disease of Chinese governments. If this is so, with whom could we deal in China? With the Communists? Is their record one of integrity and honesty, as our pinkish magazine writers would have us believe? The Chinese Communists are loud in their condemnation of landlordism, and remedy the situation by becoming the biggest landlords in sight, confiscating and reconfiscating property four and five times over until it rests in the hands of those most favorable to the regime.

Can it be that our Government has never heard of the dread people's courts, of suppression of personal liberty, of freedom of speech, the press and religion? Such practices are not characteristic of Nationalist China, but they have been experienced over and over again in the communist-held areas. The issue is much broader than whether or not aid should be granted to a corrupt government. The issue is one of safeguarding our own security in the Far East.

The balance sheet of the military and financial assistance granted to China since V-J Day lists over \$2 billion in aid. The American China Policy Association in a report to Senator Styles Bridges, head of the Senate Appropriations Committee, showed in May, 1948 that the Nationalist troops in North China were not so well equipped as they might have been. Certainly their equipment was inferior to that of the Communists. Since V-J Day they had received small dumps left behind principally by U. S. Marines, 130,000,000 rounds of ammunition and 32,000 tons of unserviceable surplus from the Pacific Islands. Much larger stores lying on Guam, Saipan, Okinawa and other Pacific Islands, which had been gathered there for the projected infantry invasion of Japan, were unavailable to the Chinese Nationalist Army.

Blanket self-approval of a policy of five years duration, a policy which has plainly failed, only obscures the mystery of its complete and total failure. The State Department acted as though it believed the issue in China concerned, not international communism versus a corrupt American ally, but a civil war raging between a reform party and a corrupt government.

Mr. Acheson, testifying before the House Foreign Affairs Committee a few days ago, stated that the member nations of the Atlantic Pact would not have the will to fight if military aid were not given now. Is the issue so different in regard to China? It hardly seems logical that we should go all out to close the door to communist aggression in Europe and leave the back door wide open to communism in Asia. Or is that the blunder that the sweeping denunciation of the Chinese Nationalist Government is meant to obscure?

Good Neighbor awakening

In his 1933 inaugural address Franklin D. Roosevelt changed the whole direction of our dealings with Latin America by expounding a new official policy of mutual support for the nations of our hemisphere:

We now realize as we have never realized before our interdependence on each other; that we cannot merely take, but must give as well.

From the day of that address he strove to bring about the actualization of this interdependence, to achieve the ideal of all the nations of the Americas working together towards common ends through mutual assistance. In Rio, in 1936, the President restated his ideal:

The motto of war is "Let the strong survive, let the weak die." The motto of peace is "Let the strong help the weak to survive." . . . No nation can live entirely to itself. Each of us has learned the glories of independence. Let each one of us learn the glories of interdependence.

This policy bore rich fruit during the bitter years now behind us. In time of war the countries of Latin America were very important to the United States for the supplies they sent us, the bases they provided and the manpower they furnished, even on the battlefields. When the Neutrality Act of 1939 prevented us from carrying war equipment under our own flag, we got supplies to England and France in the early part of the war through an agreement made in October, 1939 at the Panama Conference of Inter-American Foreign Ministers. There the delegates had agreed that the ships of any American nation might fly the flag of any other American nation. So ships of the United States flew the flag of Panama to carry implements of war. Whatever one may think of this, it showed that United States policy could profit by inter-American friendship and by the Good Neighbor policy that was one of the great achievements of F.D.R.'s incumbency.

Yet in its unilateral refusal to recognize the new governments in Bolivia, in 1943, and in Argentina, in 1944, the United States had already begun to act in a way that violated promises made to the other American nations. Though the Inter-American Conference on War and Peace, held in Mexico City in 1945, restored us to the way of multilateral policies of peace and cooperation, our more recent forgetfulness of our Latin neighbors has given grounds for saying that our Good Neighbor policy is withering. Some of our actions even give the impression that we would be glad to forget it. Our eyes and minds have been so taken up with our worldwide problems that we have turned away from our Latin friends.

It was heartening, then, to note in the *New York Times* for August 4 a report from Washington by Harold S. Brinton to the effect that the United States has again resorted to machinery set up at the meeting of American Foreign Ministers in Havana in 1940. Ancient strains and new crises have been developing in the Caribbean region, to such an extent that normally stable nations like Colombia and Costa Rica have felt them, along with Venezuela and the Dominican Republic. Repercussions of this strife are evident elsewhere.

In an attempt to reach hemisphere consultation on this serious unrest, Ambassador Paul C. Daniels, U. S. member of the Inter-American Peace Committee, called a meeting of the committee in Washington on August 3. He informed the members that our Government takes a grave view of the clashes between, and the strife within, Caribbean nations. The representatives of the United States, Mexico, Cuba, Argentina and Brazil—the five member nations of this group—reached a unanimous decision to send to the American governments a note asking for information and suggestions on the course to be followed.

This turn of events is important in its promise of peace in a dangerously sensitive area. But it is even more important in its demonstration of renewed interest on the part of the United States in its sister republics.

Bishop Oxnam and religious liberty

Two weeks ago Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam of New York recorded a radio broadcast on Federal aid to education in Laconia, New Hampshire. This retreat suggests brevity of speech, but there was nothing laconic about the bishop.

The recording was made before Cardinal Spellman's carefully worded statement appeared in the press on August 5. His Eminence made it crystal clear that the only issue before Congress revolves around the question of "auxiliary services" to parochial-school children. These have been declared to be in harmony with the American constitutional principle of separation of Church and State, as interpreted by the Supreme Court. Even Mrs. Roosevelt considered the Cardinal's statement "fair."

In his recording, broadcast over WWDC in Washington on August 7, Bishop Oxnam did not deal with the concrete issues before Congress, or with the Catholic position as carefully defined by Cardinal Spellman. He accused His Eminence of seeking "the support of parochial schools by taxes levied on all the people." Had he wanted to be accurate, Bishop Oxnam might have specified exactly what we are asking for and left it to the judgment of his listeners to decide whether this was "the support of parochial schools by taxes levied on all the people." After all, what we are asking for is already provided in twenty States. It is hard to see how asking for the same thing on a national scale constitutes a conspiracy to undermine the American principle of separation of Church and State. One unchanging feature of Bishop Oxnam's blasts is that he never gets down to brass tacks. It is impossible to say whether he understands the precise constitutional issues or not. He chooses merely to ignore them in favor of sweeping charges and threadbare generalities appealing to the fears of his audience.

It is hard to hit his pitches because they are so wide of home-plate. In fact, his pitches are so wild that they endanger the safety of the spectators. Let's see who is apt to be injured by the following charge:

It is hard to understand how the Roman Catholic Church can espouse democracy when it rejects democracy in its own totalitarian and undemocratic organization.

What the Bishop seems to be saying is this: freedom of religion in a democracy should be limited to those groups whose *religious* organization is modeled on the *political* organization of the State.

This looks like a pretty serious threat to religious liberty. In line with this brand of political theology, the democratic State would say to the Church: "We will protect your religious freedom *provided* you duplicate our democratic political system in your ecclesiastical organization. You must let the faithful elect their pastors and bishops, who must teach what the people want."

This would be political dictation in the sphere of religion. It would mean making "liberal" Protestantism (Bishop Oxnam's brand) our official American democratic religion. It would not suit Episcopalians or Jews or Catholics, but it would suit Bishop Oxnam. His main interest now seems to be to use political slogans to make the Catholic religion as unpopular as possible.

Catholics believe that Christ established a Church and endowed its head, the Pope, and all the bishops, as successors of the Apostles, with divine authority. According to Bishop Oxnam, Almighty God simply could not have acted in so undemocratic a fashion. In fact, nobody in a democracy should be allowed seriously to entertain the idea—despite passages in the New Testament supporting this view—that this is just what Almighty God did.

To brand Catholicism as an "undemocratic" religion simply because it teaches what Catholics believe to be God's truth is to undermine the American principle of religious liberty. Bishop Oxnam has really never used any other argument against us except that we are not "liberal" Protestants. Calling Catholicism "totalitarian" is ridiculous. But how are we to label the attempt to impose a form of Protestantism on America by political means?

Red excommunication— sequel to date

The decree excommunicating Catholics who knowingly and willingly profess, spread or defend communism is a month old. What has been its effect? Can we judge from that effect the course of the future?

Italy swung into strong action immediately. On Sunday, July 17, the decree was read and explained in the nation's 2,700 parishes. Reports indicate that the Communist Party is worried over an expected large-scale decline in membership.

Behind the Iron Curtain the story is different. Where hatred of religion and the Church already simmered, it has boiled over; where it was open, it is intensified. In Rumania on August 1, Catholic religious orders engaged in welfare work were given fifteen days to wind up their affairs. The state alone will henceforth manage all welfare. Total retirement to the cloister or to old-age homes

or return to secular life was the choice given 1,400 nuns and monks who had been serving the people. In Yugoslavia, though the Government declared that the country's Communists would not be affected by the decree—the level of Marxist education was too high for that—the decree was attacked as a low political trick.

Poland first took cognizance of the decree on July 22. There it was branded as an attempt "to split the united front of the people fighting for peace against the Anglo-American warmongers." On July 28 the Government decreed that the Vatican decision "cannot be propagated or carried out in Poland." On August 6 a law was passed forbidding priests "to refuse the sacraments to Catholics who cooperate with the Government." Five years imprisonment is the penalty. By August 7 the government-controlled press was lauding the regime's action as saving Catholic Poles from the "repressions" of the Vatican, and priests were widely preaching loyalty to the Pope.

Czechoslovakia, however, is the fiercest battleground. It was announced in Prague on July 15 that anyone attempting to enforce the excommunication would be prosecuted for treason. On the 18th, the heads of almost all religious orders were summoned to a meeting and warned of "the consequences to those who pay no heed to the decisions of the state." On the 18th, mass reprisals were threatened—not only the individual priest would be held as a traitor; but his whole congregation or order. On August 3 the first priest was sentenced to eight years imprisonment for refusing (in what seems a frame-up) to give the last sacraments to a member of the Communist Party.

Despite the threats and the example, Czech Catholics are beginning to show their mettle. On July 16, priests read from their pulpits a declaration of loyalty to Archbishop Beran. Heads of religious orders replied to the threat of "consequences" by a declaration of loyalty to the Pope. Though the Government claims that 2,000 priests support the schismatic "Catholic Action" set up by the regime, the Vatican states that at most twenty priests have incurred the excommunication—and there are about 8,000 in Czechoslovakia.

In a press conference at Frankfurt-am-Main on July 30, Jaromir Smutny, former Chancellor of Czechoslovakia, made the point that in Czechoslovakia, Poland and Hungary, communism and Catholicism are for the first time locked in an open fight. There never was such a fight in Russia because Catholicism was not a force in Russia. In these three countries, however, the Church is the "last fortress in the face of materialism," and the Communists know that "it is impossible to gain control without getting the Catholic Church in their hands."

The facts recorded above prove the truth of Mr. Smutny's observation. He has further stated that up to ninety per cent of the population of Czechoslovakia is "strongly opposed to the regime." If this is also true of Hungary and Poland (and it seems to be), there is great hope that the papal decree, though it may occasion many a martyrdom, will be the rallying cry that will consolidate *all* the forces of religion and good will in a victorious struggle against communism in the West.

A Catholic daily: advance or retreat?

James O. Supple

IN RECENT MONTHS the ripple of enthusiastic talk in Catholic circles about the great potentialities of a daily Catholic newspaper has grown into a sizable wave. This writer, risking the wrath of which only enthusiasts are capable, wishes to go on record as stating that to him the proposal seems tragic, that it stems in part from a refusal to face the deficiencies of American Catholicism and partly from one of the great sins of American Catholicism—a self-righteous pride which exaggerates our virtues and minimizes our vices.

There are, to be sure, many arguments of finance and mechanics—many of them quite sound—which can be offered against a proposed Catholic daily. But I am not here concerned with such obstacles, since if a cause is just and urgent, just ways must be found to further it. My objection to the proposed national Catholic daily is on other grounds—namely, the false evaluation of the Catholic reader's Catholicity, and the danger of withdrawing potentially constructive Catholic influence from the daily press to the detriment of the community in which the Catholic resides.

The demand of the Catholic intellectual for a Catholic daily arises from a dissatisfaction with the secular press that is more or less justified. The secular press, with a few notable exceptions, does leave much to be desired. But the problem is actually a twofold one. While some publishers may be at fault we must in all honesty cast a searching glance at the Catholic who buys newspapers and ask if part of the blame does not lie with him.

The Catholic intellectual must face up to the sad fact that Catholic readers are partly at fault. This is a charge very easy to sustain. Most of us live in the big cities of the north. In some cities the Catholics are virtually the majority. Are the newspapers in the predominantly Catholic cities any better than they are in cities in which the Catholics are only a fragment of the population? In the big northern cities where the Catholic reader has a possible choice between a good newspaper and a poor one, which one does he buy?

The Catholic advocates of a Catholic daily have not given sufficient attention to this very pertinent point. The Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J., writes (AM. 2/19) that "the secular press is not so bad as we sometimes imagine" and adds in explanation that "every papal encyclical is now carried as news in full by at least two metropolitan dailies, and the tabloids find there are interesting camera angles in episcopal consecrations."

Father Barrett's comment about the two metropolitan dailies which give ample space to the encyclicals is well taken. Presumably he refers to the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, both fine papers. But,

Suppose the long-discussed Catholic daily newspaper were actually launched—a good paper, truly representative of the best Catholic journalism—would enough Catholics buy it to ensure its success? James O. Supple, Religion Editor of the Chicago *Sun Times* and lecturer in journalism at Rosary College, is not optimistic about such a venture, and tells why.

alas, the Catholic population of New York City does not seem as grateful as Father Barrett does. In this great center of Catholic population the two most respected dailies have a combined circulation less than half of that of their sexy and sensational rivals.

We come face to face with the unfortunate and uncomplimentary fact that the majority of Catholic readers are just like their secular brethren—they are more interested in a lot of other things than they are in honest, fairly objective news coverage and ample space for Vatican statements.

The comparative excellence of two stellar New York papers has not resulted in a stampede of Catholic readers away from the other alternative—the Lana-Turner-Rita-Hayworth-down-with-labor-pray-for-laissez-faire newspapers. Has the gradual rise to numerical majority by Boston Catholicism brought about a resultant improvement in the quality of the Boston press? No one newspaper in the United States has been so constantly opposed to papal teachings as the Chicago *Tribune*, once aptly called in AMERICA a "tower of secularism." Yet in the midst of a heavy concentration of Catholics it has tremendous circulation despite the presence of competing papers. And remember, the so-called "yellow journals" (the Hearst chain, for example) are purchased in great centers of Catholic population.

David Marshall, Patterson professor of Journalism at Fordham, writing in AMERICA (2/27) says that New York Catholics would support a Catholic daily and adds, "but they won't support something that's inferior to the best." A calm and dispassionate glance at the comparative circulation of New York newspapers would indicate, I think, that Marshall's appraisal of the New York Catholic layman's taste in daily papers is a bit sanguine.

A newspaper is a commercial enterprise, seeking to give the public what it wants. To date I don't think the Catholic reader has shown any marked sign of desiring anything better than the non-Catholic does. Oh, of course, we like artistic photographs of important ceremonies; but we want that plus the cheap stuff too.

Solely destructive criticism is an expensive, unjustifiable luxury; so I'd like to go on record as making a minor suggestion: why not organize a Catholic campaign for a better press just as we organized the Legion of Decency for better films—if not on a national level, at least within a diocese? New York City, where the reader has a choice between the good and the cheap, with the cheap still getting the circulation, might be a good starter. We might concentrate on the larger dioceses for it is there (and let us pray it is coincidence) that the press often is the most blatant.

Education of Catholics about the secular press would have to begin with a constant reminder that the purchase of a newspaper is not like the buying of a candy bar. It is an act with either immediate or ultimate moral or immoral implications. If a local newspaper is a scurrilous, biased, bigoted, cheap, sexy rag, the Catholic should be alerted as to his own participation in its guilt, not only through his reading of it but also through his purchase of it, which means the condoning and perpetuating of the evil involved. The Catholic reader may also be reminded that he should not justify the trashy newspaper merely because it piously declares that it is against communism and publishes communion breakfast pictures alongside its "cheese-cake." If a newspaper is a fairly honest, dignified, non-sensational organ making a sincere attempt to bring complete news to its readers, Catholics should help such a newspaper, even if its comic strips may not be as fascinating as those of its cheap competitor.

Such an educational campaign need not be merely a daydream. The Archdiocesan Council of Catholic Women in Chicago has shown the way in its shrewd and successful campaign against cheap comic books. Incidentally, the council sought the improvement of *secular* comic books, for the benefit of all boys and girls, Catholic or non-Catholic. There was no display of a lack of interest in the local community—which might have been indicated by merely urging the Catholic child to buy a Catholic comic book, thus leaving the offensive secular books in the store

for the non-Catholic children of Chicago to purchase.

The desertion of the secular press implied in the suggestion of a Catholic daily (most Americans only read one daily paper) is, in a sense, just one more sad example of the growing tendency to urge the Catholic to retreat from the secular community because he has failed to meet its challenge successfully. It betrays a thoughtless abandonment of the non-Catholic newspaper readers to the alleged evils of the secular press. Does not the Catholic have a moral responsibility to seek the reformation of the secular press, not only because his fellow Catholics read it, but also because non-Catholics do likewise?

Perhaps we all need to be reminded that the secular press, reaching a much vaster audience, is potentially capable of a tremendous good the Catholic daily could never hope to approximate. Catholics banded together to develop in American readers of all faiths a demand for truth instead of distortion, for Christian social doctrine instead of status-quo reaction or communism, would be doing a valuable service not only to their fellow Catholics but to the nation as a whole. Our Catholic problem is not only to purge ourselves of secularism but to make common cause with our non-Catholic fellow citizens in improving the morality of the secular press and the secular order itself. A major step to this end will have been taken when Catholics, in significant numbers, are found choosing the better secular papers rather than the sensational ones.

I like housework

George Lincoln Emerson

WHY IS IT THAT SO MANY housewives have a martyr complex? Everywhere I go I hear them complaining about their menial servitude, griping about the drudgery of housework. With stubborn vehemence they insist that today is but a repetition of yesterday's labors. They speak with horror about another dreadful tomorrow.

If I were not a man, a bachelor, and a coward where women are concerned, I'd try calling their bluff.

"Girls," I'd say, "you're talking through your pretty hats, and you know it. Housework isn't that terrible. It's one swell job, brimful of many delightful moments that border on the miraculous. I wish I could trade places with you. There's nothing on earth I'd rather do than full-time housework."

But having experienced the bite of a woman's tongue, I feel it is safer to offer the suggestions in writing—and from a long distance.

Now what, you may ask, does a rugged, dynamic man like you know about housework? Well, I've been working at it, part-time, for more than five years; and contrary to what women say, I think it's wonderful.

Housework is a glorious adventure in living, an adventure that began with my discharge from the Army Air

George Lincoln Emerson really exists. He is a veteran of World War II and actually does the housework for himself and his father—and likes it. With the fall housecleaning coming on, however, and being somewhat shy, the author seeks refuge from feminine wrath behind a pen name.

Force. My sister was married and had a house of her own. Mother was diabetic. Because there was no one else to fall back on, I took on the house chores. When Mother died, I tried to make a home for Dad and myself.

Admittedly, my attempts at housekeeping have been a source of amusement and amazement to men and women alike. In appearance I am not effeminate at all—more like a light-heavyweight wrestler. People simply cannot believe that I enjoy doing women's work.

Believe me, I wish I could devote all my time to housekeeping, instead of several hours a day. Dad, though, is seventy. Since we are farmers, he needs a great deal of help in the fields. That leaves me so little time to enjoy working around the house.

Listening to women griping about their back-breaking drudgery, I used to wonder how a mere man could manage such horrible tasks. Now I realize there is nothing at all to worry about. If women find housework hard or depressing, maybe it's because of their approach: they may be doing everything the hard way, or even working under the handicap of rebellious minds. With a little streamlining, housework can become a delightful occupation.

Because I had so little time to do my housework, I had to find every possible short cut. Yet I couldn't skimp on the work itself. A big help was to know where every household item was. Here my Army training came in handy.

Maybe there ought to be a law compelling every woman and girl to do a year's stretch in the armed forces—before they marry and take up housework. . . . Wait a minute; not so many skilletts and dishes at once. I was merely thinking aloud. If you'll give me time to get out from beneath the table, I'll get back to my story.

I saved a great many steps by hanging my own skilletts on the wall of an enclosed porch, near the kitchen stove, along with various saucepans and other cooking equipment. The dishes I use regularly I placed in the corner cupboard, one short step from the dining table. Company dishes I divided between a sideboard and china closet in another room. Carrying the plan a step further, I rearranged the towels, sheets, bed clothing and wearing apparel—each in its prescribed place, drawer or closet. Of course it took extra work at first. But it has proved a constant time-saver ever since.

Women often insist that their men-folk are hopeless idiots who can never find their own clothes—or anything else, for that matter. Take heart, men, I have scotched that fable once and for all. Here, in my own home, I could get any item I need in the worst blackout imaginable. This is a constant source of surprise to my women visitors—why they should be interested in visiting a bachelor like myself, I wouldn't know. Sometimes they kindly offer to help me at some task, and are they amazed when I tell them exactly where each article is.

"Of course, housework is fun to you," I hear some irate women exclaim, "because, man-like, you are playing a game. Laddie-buck, if you had to do all the cleaning, scrubbing, cooking, washing, ironing and a million other things like us women—you wouldn't find house-keeping such a wonderful adventure."

You're right. Housework is a game with me. I play it to keep alive and hustling. That's what makes it so enjoyable. But here a vagrant thought creeps into my mind. Women could make housework as pleasant as I do—if they played the game the same enthusiastic way.

On the second count, however, you are wrong. I do all my own housework, dry-clean our clothes, plow and harrow in the fields, milk a small herd of cows, care for a large flock of chickens, and assist in countless other chores around the farm. Even so I find a few minutes every now and then to enjoy an occasional magazine article or read a good book. If I had nothing to do but my housework—life would be heavenly.

I must confess, though, that being a man, I have no tiny children to care for. Neither have I growing boys and girls to run errands for me. Perhaps the visitors who drop in for a chat or an occasional meal can make up this lack. I assure you they are most welcome. I get as much pleasure out of their confusion and amazement as they do out of seeing me doing "woman's work."

Take the day a neighbor girl came barging in and found me under the kitchen table. No indeed, I wasn't

licking up the cake crumbs. I was dusting the table legs. One moment I thought I was utterly alone; the next instant I found myself flat on my back, looking up into a lovely, smiling face. Now, for some strange reason, unmarried females aren't as scornful toward me as their mothers are. Mary's blue eyes glowed with friendliness.

"Glory be," she gushed throatily, "but you look cute down there on the floor. You're so sweet-tempered, too. . . . And your house looks swell. Much better than ours. How you ever find the time to keep everything so neat, I wouldn't know. . . . Believe me, George, you'd sure make some lucky girl a darned good husband."

Pretending not to notice the veiled invitation, I jokingly replied: "Always thought I'd make a good man a better wife. Don't you think so?"

Another time I dumbfounded my sister by cleaning and stuffing a goose we were having for a special occasion. Then there was the time one of the married women stormed through the door and caught me ironing the family wash. She stood looking at me a moment, then burst into clamorous laughter.

"You're the darndest sight I ever seen," she managed between guffaws. "A man ironing. I can't get over it."

Being an amiable cuss, I laughed, too, and went on with my ironing, grateful that she hadn't caught me in my first attempt. Everything was going quite well until I came to some of Mother's unmentionables. Hoping to surprise her I started pressing a pair of rayon briefs. To my horror, as soon as the hot iron contacted the cloth, the panties melted into a sticky goo, leaving a nice big hole in her new briefs.

Why hadn't someone told me that rayon couldn't contact heat and remain rayon?

Sure I make mistakes—many of them. But why bore you with a resumé of my follies? What we are really interested in is streamlining housework. How can we find more leisure time to enjoy living? How can one do the family cooking and still spend a great deal of time working in the fields?

If I had a gas or electric range the problem would be simple, as many of you good housewives know. But I live in the "sticks," where wood is plentiful and can be obtained from our sixty-acre woodlot for the cutting and hauling; so we use a wood range. Incidentally, I help with the wood-cutting, too. I couldn't trust the stove until I had learned its peculiarities; how long it took to cook, bake, or roast certain foods, and how much heat was required for each. After that it was simply a matter of filling the fire-box with solid wood, adjusting drafts properly, and I could scurry out to the fields for an hour or two of muscular exercise. About a half hour before mealtime I make it a point to check things and see that everything is doing nicely.

By now I suspect most housewives are ready to kill me for daring to reveal how nice they have it. In case



there are one or two who are considering a bit of streamlining, may I suggest that they "make haste slowly."

It is a psychological fact that women are more emotional than men. Many a good housewife seems to rush hither and yon, getting more excited each moment, until she barely knows what she is doing. Right then everything seems to happen. She breaks her prettiest dish; spills the creamed tomatoes over the floor; and woe betide any poor male who crosses her path.

I haven't any particular woman in mind. I'm merely thinking aloud; wondering how much more she would have accomplished if she had taken her time. Perhaps there would have been no broken dish, no mess on the floor, no tears of frustration, no harsh words.

Whenever I really want to make time with my housework, I try to make every act count. Like a truck driver of my acquaintance, I have found it pays best when you are carrying a load both ways. It saves the feet a great deal, too. More than that—it keeps one alert and makes housework an interesting game.

Even more important, however, is the mental approach. I really like doing housework; that is why I find it so intensely interesting, why I'd love to be a full-time housekeeper. Now if I would rather be back at the office where I used to work; or if I were married and resented the fact that poor little me was relegated to the lowly task of keeping house for an unappreciative male—then the whole thing would be different.

Right here, if you will pardon a personal experience, I'd like to show you what I mean by speaking of a proper mental approach to housework.

As a boy, it was one of my duties during the summer months to follow the horse-drawn cultivator through the corn field—straightening corn stalks, pulling weeds and hoeing out briars and thistles. When I wanted to go fishing, "hoeing corn" was the most horrible task imaginable. I was hurt, depressed; felt friendless on earth. Even Tophet, I thought bitterly, could offer nothing more terrible than long rows of corn to hoe.

But when I had nothing else planned, things were quite different. What fun it was to walk hatless in the sun. The warm breeze seemed to kiss my tanned cheeks. Mother earth caressed my bare feet. My heart overflowed with happiness. I had the inspired feeling that God couldn't grow this corn without my help. Hoeing corn was no longer a horrible task; it was not even work. I was helping God produce great, golden ears of corn.

Now, all the while the work was exactly the same. What made the difference? Clearly it was in my own thinking, my mental approach to the tasks at hand. Because that experience brought me such a great amount of happiness, I have tried to apply it to all that I do. Basically, that is the reason I really like housework. To me it is not menial servitude, but a glorious adventure. I am helping God make my own home worth living in.

Girls, I'd really like to trade places with you and devote all my time to housework. If that makes me sissified, please remember that I am one man who can afford to be a sissy. Like Gentleman Jim Corbett, "I have the punch to back it up."

Ireland's "fair deal" in education

Charles Keenan

A FEW NIGHTS AGO, on the television program, "The Court of Current Issues," the question under debate was the very current issue of Federal aid and private-school children. The learned counsel cross-examining Rev. John Courtney Murray, S.J., formerly of the AMERICA staff, asked whether it was not a fact that in Catholic countries like Spain, Portugal and Argentina, children in non-Catholic schools could not benefit from public funds. Father Murray answered that the pattern varied; in Ireland, for instance. . . . Counsel interrupted to request Father Murray to confine his answer to the countries named.

Father Murray, whether innocently or with malice prepense, was breaking one of the great taboos of this whole Federal-aid controversy: he was trying to insinuate that there are other Catholic countries than Spain, Portugal and Argentina; Ireland, for instance. And this right in front of a high official of Protestants and Others United for the Separation of Church and State. Shocking, Father Murray!

Well, the cat is out of the bag, and there is no use trying to burke the fact. Let us look Ireland squarely in the face and see how one of the oldest and most solidly Catholic nations in the world does by its handful of non-Catholic citizens in the matter of schools.

The Republic of Ireland has some 5,000 National primary schools, attended by 450,000 children, of whom 97 per cent are Catholics. The National school system was originally conceived as non-denominational, but today it is in practice a denominational system. There are schools under Catholic management attended mainly by Catholics, and schools under Protestant management attended mainly by Protestants. No child, however, may be refused admission to any National school on the ground of his religion. Religious instruction is declared to be a fundamental part of the school course, and each school is bound to see that all its pupils receive such religious instruction as their parents desire.

The school manager is usually the local Catholic pastor or Protestant minister, as the case may be. They appoint the teachers, subject to the qualifications laid down by the Minister of Education.

State grants are made toward the building of new National schools, and the enlargement, reconstruction or improvement of existing ones. The normal state grant is two-thirds of such costs, the balance coming from local voluntary contributions. In exceptional cases the whole cost may be borne by the state. Salaries and other grants to the teachers are provided entirely from state funds. In all this allocation of public money there is no question of any discrimination on account of religion.

For recognition of a National school by the state, an

average attendance of twenty pupils is required. Special provision is made, however, for "cases where the means of religious instruction are not available for the children of a particular National school within reasonable distance of their homes," and in such cases recognition may be given to schools with an average attendance of not less than ten.

Protestant communities in rural Ireland are small and scattered. A very large proportion of rural schools under Protestant management have an average attendance of less than twenty. Grants may, in certain circumstances, be made to such schools (as also to Catholic schools in the same plight) until the average has fallen below seven for two successive calendar years.

In rural areas where Protestant children are too few to qualify for separate schools, and where the nearest Protestant school is too far away (3½ miles for children from ten to fourteen, 2½ miles for children from six to ten), the state pays about half the cost of transport services provided by the local Protestant church, provided the average daily number of children involved is not less than five in each quarterly period.

Secondary schools in Ireland are private institutions, mostly conducted by religious communities. No special grants are made by the state for the erection of new

secondary schools or the maintenance of existing ones. Grants on the following basis are made to all recognized secondary schools, regardless of the religious denomination which conducts them:

1. Capitation grants, varying from £7 to £10 per pupil, according to the courses followed.
2. Laboratory grants for the purchase of scientific equipment, varying from £16 to £45 per class.
3. Grants for choirs and orchestras to encourage the study of music and singing.
4. Grants to schools in which Irish is the language of instruction; and also to schools where the pupils achieve a high standard of oral Irish.

Vocational schools are supported by local taxes and state grants. They are non-denominational, but provision is made for religious instruction.

A fairly recent incident may illustrate the temper of Irish educational authorities. Some students in the Dublin college of the National University of Ireland, which is attended, in an overwhelming majority, by Catholics, petitioned the governing board to have crucifixes placed in the lecture halls. The board replied that the University was by its constitution non-denominational, and rejected the petition.

Since American Catholicism is so largely Irish, what makes our critics think that its intentions are Spanish?



SUSTAINING ASSOCIATES

Hebert, Dr. and Mrs. Warren, New Orleans, La.
 Hillenbrand, Dr. Harold, Chicago, Ill.
 McNeill, Joseph P., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. W., New Orleans, La.
 Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Lee H., Minot, N. D.
 Rhodes, Mrs. Shirley D., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Smith, John Timothy, Syracuse, N. Y.

COOPERATING ASSOCIATES

Ainsworth, Harold, New Orleans, La.
 Ainsworth, Robert A. Jr., New Orleans, La.
 Allgier, J. Nicholas, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Bingham, Charles C., Kew Gardens, L. I., N. Y.
 Burgoyne, John D., Washington, D. C.
 Cahill, William A., New Orleans, La.
 Cashin, W. M., Ithaca, N. Y.
 Catholic Women's Club, New Orleans, La.
 Coon, Wilbert E., Omaha, Neb.
 De Silva, Jr., I. J., New Orleans, La.
 Drew, J. E., Bronxville, N. Y.
 Fenelon, Richard J., Waterloo, Iowa

Ferrier, L., New Orleans, La.
 Finnegan, Miss Mary R., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Gallagher, Dan, Philadelphia, Pa.
 Haigney, John E., Larchmont, N. Y.
 Hammet, Loran F., Rocky River, Ohio
 Houck, William S., Cleveland, Ohio
 Kelly, Mrs. Mary Cornelia, Larchmont, N. Y.
 Kennedy, Francis A., Utica, N. Y.
 Killoran, John J., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Krispinsky, Rev. Joseph A., Warren, Ohio
 Kurt, Rev. Edgar, Worthington, Ia.
 Lattif, Jacob C., Syracuse, N. Y.
 McDonough, J. Norman, Cleveland, Ohio
 Neri, Miss Michelina, Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Oelz, Miss Marie, Irvington, N. J.

O'Fallon, Mrs. M. J., Denver, Colo.
 Pursley, Rev. Leo A., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Rickert, Miss Villa, New Orleans, La.
 Romero, Emanuel, New York City, N. Y.
 Sere, René, New Orleans, La.
 Sexton, Timothy, Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.
 Sitter, Dr. R. F., Detroit, Mich.
 Sullivan, Mrs. Mary C., Detroit, Mich.
 Swindell, Philip L., Detroit, Mich.
 Tessier, Mr. and Mrs. George D., New Orleans, La.
 Touhey, John F., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Van der Velden, Rev. G. M., Monticello, Minn.
 Wharton, Mrs. Julia Grace, New Orleans, La.

AMERICA'S ASSOCIATES

70 E. 45th St., New York 17, N. Y.

Please enlist me as America's Associate for the next year.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> As a Cooperating Associate, \$10 | <input type="checkbox"/> Will Send Later |
| <input type="checkbox"/> As a Sustaining Associate, \$25 | or |
| <input type="checkbox"/> As a Charter Associate, \$100 or over | <input type="checkbox"/> Check Attached |

(Please make checks payable to AMERICA'S ASSOCIATES)

NAME

ADDRESS

Note: AMERICA'S ASSOCIATES receive AMERICA. The National Catholic Weekly. \$6.00 of your membership will be for a one year's subscription, new, or an extension if you are a subscriber. The balance will be devoted to the educational and field work of the Associates. (Any amount over \$6.00 is deductible from income tax.)

On the boards in London

W. J. Igoe

BRIGHT RED FLOWERS are gleaming over the grave of William Hazlitt in the churchyard of St. Ann's parish, Soho, during these hot London afternoons. Its mellow brickwork blackened by smoke, the bombed ruin of the seventeenth-century church supports a bell-tower which stares out blindly like a martyr's head upon a burned pole. In the heart of London's theatre center, it is an oasis of quiet in the hum of the city.

Here, just before World War I, the parents of Father Louis (Thomas Merton), American priest and poet, came to be married. Today the red buses, puffing blue smoke into the summer air, ply just a few seconds' walk from the benches where old men sit puffing at their pipes, and young men study crime and currency crises in the newspapers. On the smooth grass, chorus girls and clerkesses eat lunch while children play. Thick English cats loll cynically in the heat, and lean English dogs prod furtively for fleas.

To this place, nearly 120 years ago, Charles Lamb followed the corpse of his wild, somber, yet critically judicious friend, William Hazlitt. Today the grave of our greatest drama critic is the only one in the churchyard clearly marked. An unknown devotee tends it with loving care; in May, tall purple tulips shed their dust upon his; in July, a hardier plant casts crimson light above the mound. All around him the theatres he loved are working busily through the summer.

One wonders what he would think if he could return for a week or so, take his "seat in the stalls" and consider the successors to Mr. Kean and Mrs. Siddons. I think he would not be disheartened.

At the historically named Globe, just opposite St. Ann's, he would find our contemporary Kean, John Gielgud, playing in his own production of *The Lady's Not for Burning*. Another famous Englishman, Gilbert Chesterton, might find the idiom of this cosmic comedy easier to follow; after all, Hazlitt's view of the past was limited. The play is set in the period, spirit and costume of Chaucer's England; the date of the events is 1400 A.D., when Chaucer died. Its theme and language, in the medieval way, are timeless.

Its main character is a soldier who returns from the wars in the suicidal mood that in France, with marvelous Gallic economy, Jean-Paul Sartre has formulated into both a "philosophy" and a meal-ticket; but Christopher Fry, the author of *The Lady's Not for Burning*, refuses to find in his dark conscript material for more than satire of the moods of the universal veteran. It was his aim, he has told us, to set the foolish forebodings of men against the eternal background of an April day. He laughs suicide out of court.

LITERATURE AND ARTS

Thomas, the soldier, comes to the mythical market town of Cool Clary, early on a spring morning. Infatuated by easeful death, he falsely confesses to the murder of the town drunkard and demands the hospitality of the local gallows. The elders will not listen to him. They have caught a witch.

Played with sinuous grace and wit by Miss Pamela Brown, this character is one of Mr. Fry's happiest creations. His timely universality is apparent in her description of her late father, an alchemist, who "walked in Science like the densest night," and who, she continues, eventually gained:

Experience by correlation, expanded
Into a marriage by contraction and by
Certain physical dynamics
Formulated me. . . .

Mr. Gielgud brings to his performance the sullen hirsute gleam of a sergeant of marines and quick flashes of merriment that would, I fancy, please the great historian of acting. Mr. Hazlitt might be glad to know that this play is expected to run until Christmas, when Mr. Gielgud will begin his preparations for the season of Shakespeare at Stratford, where, besides producing, he will play, King Lear.

Modern performances of the Bard abound in the city. Sir Laurence Olivier, who has retired to the country for a short and well-earned rest before presenting Lady Olivier in the American play, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, recently closed an Old Vic season that included his *Richard III*. The production, this critic believes, owed more to the spirit of Garrick than to the greater actors. It was a notable performance; it was very bad acting. Sir Laurence is an intellectual. He did not harm the text, but every move seemed scaled to the demands of the "pit," and not to the unity of the play. The Richard of the first part suggested an interpretation by the Wallace Beery who was admirable in *The Big House*; the second part reminded one of Clifton Webb gone more sour and Machiavellian. Before his coronation this Richard was the wild, stupid, yet cunning "boar"; afterwards he was a misshapen Iago. Sir Laurence was thus enabled to get one of the most effective "curtains" I have seen on the London stage—when, like lightning, he changed character on Buckingham's request, "What says Your Highness to my just demand?"—but it, so to speak, broke the back of Crookback. The two pieces did not fit.

The miscasting of Lady Olivier in this production was revealing; she has a talent for the minx-like, which, while

it suited her uncommonly well as Scarlet O'Hara and as the enchanting Lady Teazle in *The School for Scandal*, dissolved into shrillness when she was called upon to register the pathetic Lady Anne. Yet one must not overlook the tragic grandeur of her *Antigone*, during the same season at the Old Vic. Here her tranquil beauty and great dignity found a flawless setting within the terms of classical tragedy.

In the open air, Shakespeare holds complete sway. Hazlitt would find more productions of the wares of Mr. W. S. going on in this summer of 1949 than in his own heyday. In Regent's Park, Robert Atkins is producing *The Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *The Tempest*, and each evening one sees many of our American visitors listening to Tristan Rawson as he addresses "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces . . . the great globe itself" of Westminster Cathedral, Buckingham and St. James' Palaces and St. Paul's itself, away in the heat haze. There is no better way of hearing the comedies than from the green sward of the park, with Mr. Atkins' cunning use of light transforming tree-top bowers to balconies and bringing out the changing greens of the foliage.

Shakespeare has been represented also by a fine, if slightly Stanislawski-bound, *Othello* from the Nottingham Players. This performance occurred during a two-months season, presented at Swiss Cottage by repertory companies from other cities in England and Scotland. Opening naively with a profoundly silly play from America, *The Rising Wind*, as yet wisely unproduced in the United States, the first production seemed designed to inform the world that America is going fascist. Since this is a perennial theme of the Communists, most of the critics received the piece with the celebrated English raised eyebrow; the others cruelly treated it as hilarious farce. The play claimed to deal with the activities of a committee in Washington and was presented by the Manchester Library Company.

Immediately following this solecism, the repertory players settled down with a brilliant production, by John Casson of the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, in a translation into broad Scots, of Molière's *L'Ecole Des Femmes*, called *Let Wives Tak Tent*, which may be translated into English and American as *Let Wives Take Heed*. The language difficulty confounded even the excellent drama critic of the *Times*, but the unusual brilliance of the acting, particularly on the part of Mr. Duncan Macrae, recalled both the Comedie Française and another Celtic theatre—the Abbey, in Dublin. Mr. Hazlitt would have found much to consider in these Scottish players, and those Americans who saw their production may judge their work to be the most interesting event on the London stage this season. This critic would not disagree with them too vehemently.

This season closed with a new play on education, *Wilderness of Monkeys*, by Peter Watling, presented by the Bristol Old Vic. Normally the theme has political nuances in England, but, mercifully, Mr. Watling believes that social questions are primarily personal and moral

questions. He does not identify them, as so many tragically do, with the absolute in party politics. He is a dramatist worthy of attention.

Going on his way, still in search of the cream, Mr. Hazlitt would find that one of our showpieces is *The Heiress*, an American import. Sir Ralph Richardson, the perfect Jamesian actor, and Miss Peggy Ashcroft are drawing the town in this piece, which will run for many months. At the Phoenix he would discover a hive of American industry where Paul Muni has just opened in *Death of a Salesman*. Serious London theatregoers have been looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the work of this distinguished artist.

Among the biscuits and cheese, Mr. W. H. would find two outstanding hits from America, and little that is considerable from native stables. *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Oklahoma!* are still fresh and favored after record runs at two of our largest theatres. The first may well continue until the gun is as anachronistic as David's catapult; using it, Miss Dolores Grey has slain the Goliath Gloom at Mr. Littler's box office. At the age of twenty-one this young lady from America has become one of England's darlings, and she may stop in town until she is old enough to play a Lady Lear. To her admirers she will always be young enough to play Wendy. *Oklahoma!*, without stars, is equally successful. Sadly, one reports native pieces seem to be made to plan, and set in a vaguely Victorian, vaguely waltz, period that has an emphasis on the quaint, now bordering on the seedy. But Sir Charles Cochran's new play, *Tough at The Top*, may alter the unhappy trend. One hopes so and reserves judgment.

At this point Mr. Hazlitt would have to return to St. Ann's. He would find no other flowers outside his mound; but he might well be pleased with what he had seen. The tradition is still there; the bard flourishes. We are not—with our visitors, the late Mr. James and the now-welcomed Mr. Muni and Mr. Williams—parochial; and we have more than a couple of good actors and promising playwrights of our own. All in all, prospects are not too un-rosy.

A child's view

To see an infant's wide astonished eyes
Discover his hand, absorbed and marvelling
Is to recall again with shamed surprise
How well might any marvel such a thing.
To watch a child unsteadily awoken
To his first step: to walk and then to run
Is to note the miracle lightly taken,
Too usual to be accounted one.

To mark the way a growing child may stir
Out of himself to note the flight of birds,
The wide green world of meadows and the spur
Of marvels in the golden world of words,
Is to regain man's crown and lose his blunders
And rediscover earth's and his own wonders—

ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

This kind of mind . . .

THE MATURE MIND

By Harry A. Overstreet. Norton. 292p. \$2.95

Men have difficulties and conflicts because they are immature. The same immaturity, carried over into civic, national and international life, is the cause of social, political and international tensions and struggles. The cure is for men to grow up. This is the theme of Harry A. Overstreet's latest book.

According to the author, the maturity concept is based upon five modern insights into human nature: Binet's idea of psychological age, Freud's idea of arrested development or fixation, Pavlov's idea of conditioned response, Stumpf and company's idea of aptitude uniqueness, and Thorndike's idea of adult capacity to learn. The type of maturity championed by the author is the linkage theory. "Certain linkages [are] so basic to our human growth that if they remain unformed or ill-formed, we remain fixated in our mental, emotional and social development; linkages of knowledge, responsibility, communication, mature sexuality, empathy and philosophy" or wholeness (p. 71). The linkages are constellated, forming a character structure in which the weakness or

strength in one will show corresponding weakness or strength in the others. Overstreet maintains that the maturity vs. immaturity theory, as opposed to the goodness vs. badness or knowledge vs. ignorance theories of human behavior, must be applied in order to solve the ills of the individual and the world.

Most of the book is occupied with applying the maturity theory to concrete cases in private and public life. The "One World Movement," economic and political life, newspapers, radio, movies and advertising, education and the home, religion—all are subjected to the maturity test. In large part the ideas put forth are sound as far as they go, and could be considered with profit by Catholic educators and social workers. A pleasant, concrete style makes them easy reading.

Unfortunately, Mr. Overstreet limits his solution of human needs to the natural, and his chapter on religion places men and religion on a purely naturalistic basis. He badly misunderstands the doctrine of original sin, champions Pelagius against Augustine, and makes the latter's "source authority an ancient, unverifiable creation-tale" (p. 212). "Christianity," he says, "condemned man to a psychological hopelessness to which Christ himself bore no witness" (p. 263). He condemns all "religions that insist upon

BOOKS

the permanent childlike dependence of man upon an all-powerful and all-commanding Deity" (p. 271), or operate "with fear of punishment or hope or reward as [their] basic motives" (p. 267), because they prevent maturity by keeping man in a state of childlike dependence. His mature man must work out his own destiny independently. The failure of modern man's attempt to get along without dependence upon God should have made Mr. Overstreet more wise.

MUREL R. VOGEL

. . . Brought this about

THE PILGRIMAGE OF WESTERN MAN

By Stringfellow Barr. Harcourt, Brace. 355p. \$4

This swift, engaging, brilliantly conceived and written story of Western man, from St. Thomas Aquinas to Truman and Toynbee, will not sit well with those who are fond of the legends they learned in school—legends of the intellectual tyranny of the Church, the gradual emancipation of intelligence

THE RICHES OF THE MISSAL

by Jean Vagaggini, O.S.B.

Translated by C. Cornelia Craigie

\$4.00

This new work is a spiritual commentary on the Mass. Taking in turn the familiar stages of the spiritual life (the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive way), the author selects in great abundance examples of each.

The increased use of the Missal by the faithful opens a wider field of persons who are likely to profit from a book of this sort.

Thus far we have been largely concerned with spreading a knowledge and understanding of the Mass. This movement has attained a degree of success that prompts us to believe that many will desire to draw from the prayers of the Missal a greater fullness of the spirituality contained in its prayers.

At your bookstore or from the

B. HERDER BOOK COMPANY

15 & 17 South Broadway

St. Louis 2, Missouri

from ecclesiastical domination, the tragedy and triumph of Galileo, the emergence of the free and scientific mind, the glorious march of material progress, and Utopia around the corner. Barr sees the story of Western man as a decline from the spiritual and social unity of the Middle Ages, through the centrifugal influences of Protestantism and nationalism, to the bankruptcy and chaos and desperate truce of today.

This is history with a theme—the decay of Christendom; history with a purpose—an almost impassioned plea for world union, world federation; history with a pedagogical function—to keep myopic moderns from the fate of those who, in Dr. Hutchins' phrase, practise the errors of their forefathers.

Stringfellow Barr is perhaps more interested in ideas than in events and dates and, as might be expected from a founder of the St. John's College, Annapolis, program, he deftly relates the characteristic books and events of an era, showing how ideas influence the times and the times influence ideas. The *Summas* of St. Thomas, Hobbes' *Leviathan*, Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, Marx's *Capital* and other books are set in an intelligible human context. It is not the books so much themselves that concern Barr as the state of soul and the world-outlook and the aspirations that they severally represent.

But this is not a book about books or a book about philosophies, though the latter is not far from the truth. It is a book about Western man—his mind and soul, as well as his deeds and wars. It is a book replete with insights—on medieval economics, on the meaning of heresy, on the Inquisition, on the doctrine of private judgment, on the sentimentality and "intellectual demolition" of the Enlightenment rationalists, on the connection between the economics and the moralism of the Victorian age, on the religion of science, whose Redeemer is the Machine and whose Church Councils are World Expositions.

The attempt to outline in 350 pages a seven-century pilgrimage naturally involves compression, synthesis, selection and omission, and makes almost inevitable occasional undocumented generalizations. But the very compression and comprehensiveness of Mr. Barr's book give it an intellectual unity and impact that make it ideal as an adult review or as a collegiate study of this important segment of the human story. Mr. Barr is not a simple chronicler; his aim is not to record all the facts. He is a philosopher writing history, and his contribution is interpretation and insight, rendered appealing by a craftsmanship and a dramatic sense that reflect the "great tradition" that St. John's College sponsors.

On the whole, the author shows remarkable care and penetration in speaking of Catholic culture and philosophy. Were he to follow the lead of Lewis Mumford's *The Culture of Cities*, he would give a different picture of the medieval town. Though he correctly states the Catholic doctrine on indulgences, some inaccurate language is used on this topic. Excuse has already been made for the book's great selectivity and compression. Still, in a work that attempts to give the ideals and ideas of the times, it would have been good had room been found for such giant and symbolic figures as St. Teresa of Avila, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul.

At the end, although Mr. Barr has portrayed his hero's pilgrimage from the City of God to the City of Man as a regrettable declension, one wonders where God will fit into the author's City of Tomorrow. There is the unhappy feeling that Mr. Barr, like other contemporaries with an ineffectual nostalgia for an age of faith, will settle for a rational—and federated—City of Man.

CHARLES F. DONOVAN

From the Editor's Shelf

THE NORTH STAR IS NEARER, by Evelyn Eaton (Farrar, Straus, \$2.75). This book of reminiscences is not a soul-searching backward glance but rather several glimpses into the little side-shows along the way, in the opinion of reviewer Mary Stack McNiff. The author starts off with herself as a liberal seven-year-old and closes the book as a war correspondent at a Fourth of July celebration in China, covering in the meantime many adventurous years in many adventurous places. In all, the book is the product of an observant and humorous craftsman.

ABBE DAVID'S DIARY, translated by Helen M. Fox (Harvard University Press, \$5), is the study of flora and fauna by the famed priest-naturalist who explored throughout China, Mongolia and Tibet in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Abbé David had gone to China as a missionary, but because of his early training as a naturalist, he made his journeys experiments in exploration as well, at the insistence of the French Museum and his superiors. Reviewer William H. Shriver, Jr. recommends this book with enthusiasm, both for its content and the captivating manner in which the author mingles the light touch with scientific detail.

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1949, edited by Martha Foley (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50), is a collection of twenty-eight stories by many newcomers to the field. To the editor, in her

POWERFUL TEACHING AIDS



OUR LITTLE MESSENGER (issued every week, grades 2-3). A supplementary reader in periodical form for children of the primary grades. Color now in each issue.



Large type. Simple stories, verses, and puzzles accelerate the ability to read.



THE JUNIOR CATHOLIC MESSENGER (issued every week, grades 3-6). Carefully selected articles on current events, history, science, geography.

Religious instruction material includes Gospel explanations. Picture pages, puzzles, stories, and cartoons for entertainment.

THE YOUNG CATHOLIC MESSENGER (issued every week, grades 6-9). Timely illustrated articles on current events, with emphasis on Christian social principles. Civics Club projects, directed by the Commission on American Citizenship of The Catholic University of America. Excellent fiction, cartoons, and puzzles.



Each MESSENGER is also produced in a Confraternity Edition, designed to assist in the teaching of religion to Catholic children who attend public schools.



TREASURE CHEST (all grades). The approved-type Catholic picture-story magazine. Issued every two weeks. Brimful of fun and adventure, yet providing sound instruction in moral values and citizenship. The perfect substitute for objectionable "comic" books.

If you have not already placed your Trial Order for the MESSENGERS and TREASURE CHEST, may we suggest you do so immediately.

GEO. A. PFLAUM, Publisher, Inc.

Established 1885

124 E. Third Street Dayton 2, Ohio



The Liturgical Altar

GEOFFREY WEBB

THE Church considers the altar the central focus of the whole liturgy, the *raison d'être* of the building in which it stands; not only does she indicate that the church exists for the altar, rather than the altar for the church; she looks upon it as the sacrificial stone, upon which Christ, our Priest and Victim, offers Himself daily in His Eucharistic Sacrifice, which is the central act of her liturgy; but she has proclaimed again and again that in her mind the altar represents her Lord Himself. His is Altar, Victim and Priest; and the reverence for the altar expressed in the restraint and dignity of its design, symbolizes the reverence due to Christ Himself.

Everyone interested in the beauty and dignity of divine worship will welcome this work as a standard book, thoroughly reliable and uniquely informative. **\$2.25**

At your bookstore or from

THE NEWMAN PRESS

Catholic Publishers

WESTMINSTER

MARYLAND



**National
Best Seller**



MSGR. FULTON J.

SHEEN'S

inspiring book

Peace of Soul

135,900 COPIES IN PRINT

• "There is strength for everyone in every paragraph."

—Fulton Oursler, Senior Editor, *Reader's Digest*.

\$3.00 at all bookstores

WHITTLESEY HOUSE

foreword, they represent postwar writers of pity and sensitivity, as distinguished from their "lost generation" predecessors, but reviewer *Thomas J. Fitzmorris* finds that the book, with its heavy accent on psychology and introversion and a sensitivity that is rather more a raw-nerved awareness of minor discords, has little to justify "best" in the title.

THE WORD

The chief message I handed on to you, as it was handed on to me, was that Christ, as the Scriptures had foretold, died for our sins . . .

"Betty."

"Yes, Daddy."

"Do you remember—? . . . No, I don't think you do. You were too young."

"Remember what, Daddy?"

"One day when you were quite small, we found you sitting on the floor with a rosary. And somehow you had pried . . ."

"Daddy! I do remember! I had pried the little—you know—what do you call it?"

"Figure?"

"Yes; I had pried the figure of Jesus loose from the wood."

"You certainly had. You had it in your hand; and the rosary was lying beside you, its crucifix changed into a cross. Remember what you said?"

"M-m-m-m! . . . Yes! I said I had taken Jesus out of His nails. Wasn't that it?"

"Not quite. One word was different."

"Give me a hint!"

"The one word you don't have right is 'Jesus.'"

"Now I know! What I said was, 'Daddy, I got God out of His nails.' Is that right?"

"It is. Exactly right. I remember each word, and the expression in your eyes—a look of pity and sympathy and sorrow and joy and triumph. I don't think I'll ever forget it. I hope some day to tell Christ Himself about it."

"But He knows, doesn't He?"

"Of course. But He loves to hear us telling Him things He knows. And He wants us to tell them over and over because that's the only way we'll understand more and more about them. For instance—He knows everything we need, better than we do; but He likes to hear us asking for things in prayer, just as you and I like to hear Jimmy telling about something that happened—even when we could tell it better ourselves.

"And God loves also to see us praying because prayer teaches us more and more about Him, and about why He made us; and it opens our hearts and hands to receive His gifts."

"But Daddy—why does He want to hear you telling about me taking God out of His nails?"

"Because the more I think about that, the closer I come to understanding what it means—what unthinkable things it means—that Christ died for our sins."

"Betty, you 'got God out of His nails'; but do you really realize that you and I helped put Him there—that the only reason He was there at all was that you and I and all the other people insulted Him and refused His gifts and turned our backs on Him and disobeyed Him and ran away from Him until at last we were lost forever; so that the only way He could persuade us to come back home and be happy with Him was to become one of us and join us in our exile and let us exhaust all our hatred and spite on Him until there was nothing nasty left in our hearts to separate us from Him? Do you realize all that, Betty? No? But you will if you keep thinking, as I do, of how a little girl 'got God out of His nails.'" **JOSEPH A. BREIG**

THEATRE

THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN. Drama clinics, in the shape of forum discussions and magazine symposia, are as numerous as the weeks in the year. Practically every other day somebody discovers why our playwrights are less profound than Ibsen, less provocative than Shaw, and inferior in technique to Sir Arthur Wing Pinero and Arthur Henry Jones. The discovery is usually announced in a seminar on 'What Is Wrong with the Theatre?'

That plenty is wrong with the theatre is generally agreed—especially among playwrights, actors, producers and a widening circle of camp followers that includes stagehands and even reviewers. Dissension comes when we try to decide on the major reason why the stage is losing ground to the screen, with television poised to deliver a crushing blow. Commercialism, Actors' Equity and the Stagehands Union are mentioned in most seminars and discussion groups, along with sundry contributing evils—ticket-scalping, for instance, and the nine old men of the first-night critical corps.

An element of weakness in the theatre that is seldom mentioned is the inertia of the audience. It's not that

the usual audience is deadpan and unappreciative of sound drama and good acting. It's a lack of sustained interest on the part of the audience, not in specific plays, but in a lack of aggressiveness in demanding sound drama instead of screen thrillers.

While I am typing this column, two recent Broadway hits are playing in Brooklyn: *The Respectful Prostitute* at the Brighton and *The Heiress* at The Flatbush. In the Bronx, *Light up the Sky* is playing at The Windsor. *The Heiress* is coming to The Windsor soon, and *High Button Shoes* is booked for later in the summer. Come September, however, the theatres on the outskirts of town will revert to B pictures.

Just why the gentlemen who manage the theatres change from screen to stage entertainment every summer is a mystery, unless it is because they are personally in love with live drama. Why the audience which supports the summer shows does not demand year-around drama is even more baffling. Three million people live in Brooklyn, and nearly a million in the Bronx. The communities are certainly populous enough to support dramatic theatres. Besides, the prices are attractive. Broadway orchestra seats sell at \$4.80 for drama, \$6 for musicals. At the Windsor the top is \$1.50 and \$1.80. The difference, in argot, is considerable "lettuce."

Another thing worth considering is that the productions that travel uptown and across the river are proven hits. Patrons of the borough theatres know they are going to see a play that thousands of theatregoers have already found very interesting and entertaining. Still, for some obscure reason, the managers change over to pictures every fall. It must be because the audience accepts whatever is offered in the neighborhood theatres without any kind of protest. If there is another and more valid reason for making live drama an exclusively summer diversion I cannot imagine what it is.

THEOPHILUS LEWIS

FILMS

SLATTERY'S HURRICANE. There is nothing like nature on the rampage to provide an exciting and pictorially effective movie background. According to the script-writers' handbook, this background should be pointed up by artfully timing the climax of a violent personal conflict to coincide with the atmospheric fireworks. Thus, in *Slattery's Hurricane*, we are introduced to Richard Widmark inexplicably trying to fly a

flimsy civilian plane on an arduous Navy Weather Service mission. As his craft weaves and bobbles toward the eye of a hurricane raging off the coast of Florida, he relives in stream-of-consciousness flashbacks the events which brought him to his present straits. His story is the fairly ordinary one of an attractive heel who had the physical courage to be a hero in the war but not the self-discipline to succeed at anything else. Among his postwar exploits were working at a soft but tainted private flying job, breaking the heart of the girl (Veronica Lake) who loved him, and very nearly succeeding in stealing the wife (Linda Darnell) of his best friend (John Russell). Following a series of reasonably convincing shocks designed to stimulate his better nature, he has undertaken the flight out of combined bravado and altruism to save Russell from being court-martialed. The unusual Navy background, some good directorial touches and Widmark's uncompromising performance—which makes the character unmistakably loathsome and yet leaves room for belief in his reform—lift the picture somewhat above the standard action film. (20th Century-Fox)

TOO LATE FOR TEARS. The heroine (in the most elastic sense of the word) of this crime melodrama is a young lady (Lisabeth Scott) whose affection for money can only be termed psychopathic. At one point, in reminiscing about her childhood, she describes her family as "white-collar poor" engaged apparently in a life-and-death struggle to keep up with the Joneses and "dying a little each day because they couldn't quite do it." After delivering this extraordinary word picture of American family life she proceeds to murder her entirely inoffensive husband (Arthur Kennedy) and a very offensive blackmail (Dan Duryea), and to commit all manner of other deviltry to ensure her continued possession of a large blackmail pay-off which she has accidentally got her hands on. With a leading lady so abnormally, depressingly and predictably committed to an evil course, the picture has little chance to be interesting, let alone suspenseful. Even its chief asset, a surface plausibility produced by attention to detail, goes by the board in a highly theatrical climax designed to represent—but falling far short of—poetic justice. (United Artists)

ANNA LUCASTA is the sort of film generally referred to in the ads as powerful—a euphemism for sordid and unpleasant. It concerns a bickering, shiftless and amoral family of first-generation Americans in a Pennsylvania mill town, who envision some easy money when they hear of the impend-

Books you will want to read and discuss—

STRENGTH, OUR DESTINY

By the Rev. William Tobin

This series of thirty-two talks—brief and pointed—demonstrates how Christian life is primarily a struggle against the enemies of the soul. Considering the enemies and technique of this battle, the author shows its aims through the beatitudes and its victories through Christ and His Blessed Mother. \$2.50

FROM GOD to GOD

By Stephen J. Brown, S.J.

"An Outline of Life"—simple, conversational chapters showing God's personal interest in man—for average people busy with many cares and problems of living. \$3.00

THE CATHOLIC REFORMATION

By Pierre Janelle

"This volume supplies a long-felt need of one of the truly important movements in modern European history... a sound treatment of a controversial subject."—*America*.

HENRY VIII

By Theodore Maynard

"The real Henry and his reign are clearly and colorfully depicted... one of the best in Dr. Maynard's series of scholarly, vivid, and judicious biographies."—*Hartford Transcript*. \$3.75

MAKERS of the MODERN MIND

By Thomas P. Neill

Influence of Luther, Calvin, Descartes, Locke, Newton, Rousseau, Kant, Bentham, Darwin, Marx, and Freud. "Recommended to all those who desire a readable and accurate account of the modern mind and how it grew."—*Brooklyn Tablet*. \$3.75

At your bookstore

THE BRUCE PUBLISHING CO.

108 Montgomery Building
Milwaukee 1, Wis.

ing arrival of a naive, young farmer friend who has \$3,000 and is looking for a wife. Their candidate for the post is Anna (Paulette Goddard), a daughter who has not been mentioned in the family circle since she left home five years before to—using another euphemism—tread the primrose path. She is summoned back to the home fires but, after that, events do not go according to plan. The young farmer (William

Bishop) proves to be much shrewder than anticipated, and in addition he and Anna fall genuinely in love. However, the family doesn't easily abandon its hopes for the money, and numerous revolting complications ensue before a happy ending of sorts is contrived. I haven't any objection to sordid stories if they are valid and serve some good purpose. This one, heavily laced with synthetic sentimentality and equally synthetic low comedy, seemed pointless, incredible and in execrable taste. Oscar Homolka and Broderick Crawford complemented the uniformly unlovely pattern by uninhibitedly overacting the principal character roles. (Columbia)

MOIRA WALSH

walk to extend their patios. The citizens were fined, and forced to disgorge the forty-eight blocks of cement. . . . Wedding bells rang out. . . . In Vancouver, B. C., a Miss Shick married a Mr. Shaver. . . . Divorce courts resounded. . . . In Los Angeles, a divorce-seeking wife declared she was allergic to her husband, explaining: "Every time I get anyway near him I break out in a rash." The judge ruled that allergy does not constitute grounds for divorce. . . . Other forms of allergy were reported. . . . In England, a young student who develops a rash when too near the colors blue or green, passed his entrance examination for a school whose colors are brown and black. . . . During the week, the moving finger ceaselessly wrote out the record as each event merged with the stream of history. . . . In Decatur, Ill., a magician, facing an audience, made a man's watch and billfold disappear. A minute later, he made them reappear. Returning to his dressing room after the show, the magician found his own watch and billfold had disappeared.

As the week came to its end, so did the recording of the week's events. . . . Noted down in the record was every thought of every human being in the world during the seven-day period; noted down also was every word and every deed. . . . After the last notation had been made, the great book containing the week's complete history was filed away to await the day of judgment. . . . Here below, many human beings forget that their every thought and word and deed must be directed to the service of God. . . . Here lies the basic trouble with this old world of ours—this mass forgetfulness of God.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

Information
Subscribe now
1 year, only \$2.00
2 years, \$3.50
3 years, \$5.00
write today to
403 West 59th Street
New York 19, N. Y.
A monthly magazine published
by the PAULIST FATHERS

Resort & Travel

FOREST PARK HOUSE

BUDD LAKE, NEW JERSEY
Mary B. Fuchs Tel. Neteong 439
Enjoy your Vacation and Weekends
Hidaway for Newlyweds
Home Cooked Food Private Swimming
Shade trees
All churches and amusements nearby
\$6.00 Daily \$35 Weekly

TRAYMORE HOTEL
MIAMI BEACH
DIRECTLY on the OCEAN at 24th St.
AIR-COOLED by Westinghouse
Private Beach Cabana Club
Rates from \$5 Dble.
Annex from \$4 Double • \$3 Single
Cocktail Lounge Social Staff

NEW WRITERS NEEDED

New writers needed to re-write ideas in newspapers, magazines and books. Splendid opportunity to "break into" fascinating writing field. May bring you up to \$5.00 per hour spare time. Experience unnecessary. Write today for FREE details. NO OBLIGATION. Postcard will do.

FREE
Details

COMFORT WRITER'S SERVICE
Dept. X8, 200 S. 7th St., St. Louis 2, Mo.

NOTICES

12c per word. Payment with order.

MISSIONARY PRIESTS struggling to build school; 40 Catholics in four counties of 40,000 population. PLEASE help us! Rev. Louis R. Williamson, Hartsville, South Carolina.

JESUIT HOME MISSION—My hope—a school to plant the Catholic tradition. Small contributions are precious and welcome. Rev. John A. Risacher, S.J., Holy Cross Mission, Durham, North Carolina.

IRISH Books, Belleek China, Linens, Celtic Crosses, Rosaries, Cards, etc. Write for Catalog. Irish Industries Depot, Inc., 876 Lexington Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

PARADE

EVENTS OF THE WEEK SEEMED to possess little or no relationship one with the other. . . . Somewhat as a crowd of bathers runs into the ocean, the events rushed without apparent order into the stream of current history. . . . All types could be discerned; the unexpected emerged. . . . In Ottawa, a baseball umpire was robbed. . . . The ancient barter economy raised its head. . . . In Laconia, N. H., a housewife paid her overtime parking fine by mailing a pound of butter to the judge. . . . Colorful urban scenes were on view. . . . In Bells, Tenn., a mother hound dog waited until the light changed from red to green, then guided her two puppies across the street, one puppy gripping her tail, the other her ear. . . . The mail failed to go through. . . . In Los Angeles, a letter-carrier with sore feet was charged with delaying the mail after 5,000 undelivered letters were found in his apartment. He explained: "I suffer with aching arches. When my feet got tired, I would take some letters home. I never opened any and I fully intended to deliver them in the due course of time." . . . Protests were staged. . . . In Bogotá, Colombia, beggars, fearing loss of business, picketed a movie theatre showing a film which insinuated that beggars hoarded their money. . . . Meticulous regard for protocol was observed. . . . In Sacramento, Calif., a lady telephoned the municipal court, inquired: "What should I wear when I pay my traffic ticket?" The court clerk, a woman, replied: "Your normal day-to-day attire will be acceptable to the judge."

The week's activity lapped over into every phase of human life. . . . In Azusa, Calif., two citizens stole a side-

Cherry Preserves



Crystal cane
sugar cooked
slowly with
tree-ripened fruit.

If you cannot purchase this in your home town—write us—P.O. Box J. S., Chicago (90)

Sexton
Quality Foods

citi-
gorge
...
Van-
ied a
s re-
force-
ergic
Every
oreak
that
s for
lergy
oung
n too
assed
chool

...
inger
d as
m of
magi-
man's
min-
. Re-
r the
own
d.

o did
...
every
n the
riod;
and
ation
con-
y was
judg-
uman
ought
ected
e lies
world
s of
IEY



it.
me
(90)